THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

September, 1802.

MADAME RECAMIER.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

THE portrait of this celebrated Lady is given more to gratify the curiosity of our fair readers, than for any peculiar excellence the original may possess. We have heard her much praised as a beauty; and for taste in dress, she stands unrivalled in her own country. She is the wife of a rich banker at Paris; and, since the peace, has been some weeks in this metropolis, and was introduced, by the Marchioness of Hertford, into the most fashionable circles. From what had been said in the public prints, of the beauty and elegance of the fair Parisian, curiosity was so much excited on her arrival, that every public place, where it was rumoured Madame Recamier would appear, was thronged in an amazing, and sometimes dangerous, manner, to behold this prodigy of Republican *costume*. From London, Madame Recamier went to Bath, and is now returned to Paris, once more the admiration of the *beaux*, and the envy of the *belles*, of the French metropolis.

A curious Account of the FATA MORGANA, a remarkable aerial Phenomenon.

THE very remarkable aerial phenomenon, called Fata Morgana, is sometimes observed from the harbour of Messina, in Sicily, and from some neighbouring places, at a certain height in the atmosphere. In fine summer days, when the weather is calm, there rises above the great current a vapour, which acquires a certain density, so as to form in the atmosphere horizontal prisms, whose sides are disposed in such a manner, that, when they come to their proper degree of perfection, they reflect and represent successively, for some time, (like a moveable mirror,) the objects on the coast, or in the adjacent country. They exhibit by turns the city and suburbs of Messina, trees, animals, men, and mountains. They are certainly beautiful aerial moving pictures. There are, sometimes, two or three prisms, equally perfect; and they continue in this state eight or ten minutes. After this, some shining inequalities are observed upon the surface of the prism, which render confused to the eye the objects which had been before so accurately delineated, and the picture vanishes. The vapour forms other combinations, and is dispersed in air. Different accounts have been given of this singular appearance; which is generally attributed to a bitumen that issues from certain rocks at the bottom of the sea, and which is often seen to cover a part of its surface in the canal of Messina. The subtle parts of this bitumen being attenuated, combined, and exhaled with the aqueous globules that are raised by the air, and formed into bodies of vapour, give to this condensed vapour more consistence; and contribute, by their smooth and polished particles, to the formation of a kind of aerial crystal, which receives the light, reflects it to the eye, and transmits to it all the luminous points which colour the objects exhibited in this phenomenon, and render them visible.

OLD

OLD WOMAN.

NO. XLIX.

My dear, good, old Lady,

YOU have been charitable enough to distribute your advice with a liberal hand, both voluntary and solicited; and I cannot doubt but that your lucubrations are in high favor with sober, reasoning, tame-spirited things like yourself. Now and then I meet in your papers with a pretty little story, which is not unpleasant even to my own taste; but in general I must be candid enough to tell you, that your humdrum, obsolete, antiquated and anti-fashionable notions have no relish for a girl of my disposition.

"Well, my young lady," you will be ready to exclaim, "pray let me know what your sentiments of life and manners are? How do you spend your time? what are the favorite objects of your pursuit? and in what respect do you think yourself superior to those who value my advice, and court my approbation?" Patience! and I will use no disguise. It is the fashion, you know, to be undressed; and my mind too shall appear before you in naked simplicity. It is not a few grave remarks, or satirical strictures, from your pen, that shall reform or deter me from the dear delights I enjoy; and if you should feel disposed to be angry at the liberty I am taking with you, let me earnestly caution you, my dear old quiz, not to heighten your deformity by sour looks, nor to increase your wrinkles by sullen frowns. Though I hope never to be an old woman myself, I pity those who are, and wish them to sit quiet in their elbow chairs, and quote proverbs for the instruction of their grand-children; while I am galloping over half the counties of England after horse races and hounds; or knocking up the most athletic dancer of the other sex at a summer's ball.

What is uppermost will out. We ladies were not made to keep secrets. I have just given you a general idea of my amusements, and, indeed, of the business of my life, without meaning to be so precipitate; but as I have begun, I will now enter into details, and hope for your favorable hearing, if I am not able to convert you to my way of thinking.

Know, then, that I was the only daughter of a fox-hunting squire, who, before I was able to walk, used to carry me in his arms to the stable and the kennel; and therefore the sight of a horse or a dog was naturally one of the first pleasures of my life. This early-planted partiality, indeed, has "grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength," to such a degree, that, though I confess to you, I am not indifferent to flattery from a handsome sprightly fellow of my own taste and stamp, I have more pleasure in attending a horse-race, and following the "deep-toned pack," than I should have in being led to the altar of Hymen by the first nobleman of the land.

My father bestowed on me an education exactly in conformity to the initiation he had given me. As soon as I could run and speak, I learned to swear at the grooms, to pat the horses, and to call every dog by its name. I was taught, indeed, to write and to read, to dance and to sing; but I was never suffered to sit still long enough to make any great proficiency in the two first accomplishments; and I am more indebted to Nature than to art for my progress in the two last. Working at my needle, and housewifery in common, were thought objects beneath my notice; and certainly a child will have little relish for sedentary duties, if it is early inspired with a contempt for them, and a passion for active amusements.

By the time I reached my ninth year, I had made numerous essays in horsemanship, and about twelve was taken regularly into the field, and soon acquired the highest reputation for my boldness in riding, leaping, and despising fatigue. I frequently was the first who

who came in at the death; and the "little Filly," as I was called, was set down by the whole field as a genuine descendant of a long line of keen sportsmen. By degrees, my mind became perfectly adapted to my pursuits: I ridiculed feminine timidity, and feminine avocations, and preferred the company of dogs, horses, grooms, and huntsmen, to the most brilliant wit or polished manners in my own sex. My rouge was found in exercise, and my health in fresh air. I laughed at vapours; and, like you, my dear goody, had a hearty contempt for novels, and such sentimental nonsense. I did not, indeed, aspire to be a toper; but I could dine with as much relish on a rasher of bacon, or bread and cheese, as a bon vivant on venison and turtle; and I never, to this hour, had occasion to call in any of the physical tribe, whose starch formality is a sufficient emetic, except when once I had the misfortune to dislocate a shoulder by a tumble from my horse, and another time to break a leg by a leap, which not a gentleman in the field would undertake after me.

But fox-hunting did not limit the bounds of my ambition. My father filled up every interval of his time with some appropriate amusement. In autumn he used his gun; and I soon learned to bring down my bird as well as he could. In summer, he attended the principal horse races; and as I was his inseparable companion, I betted in the stand, dined at the ordinary, and danced at the ball, with the keenest animation. I was as well known, before I was twenty, at Newmarket and Bibury, as the greatest black-leg on the turf; and I had as many offers from broken-down gamblers, and gay young men of fashion, as would have made any person, except your humble servant, vain. But vanity is not one of my foibles; and though the matrimonial net has often been spread for me, and snares, and all kinds of unlawful means, have been tried to catch me, I am as cunning as an old fox, and as fond of liberty as a doe.

My father, however, having lately paid a debt, to which all must submit, and left me in the possession of an ample stock of horses and dogs, but with an estate much incumbered, I, perhaps, may be induced, could I meet with a keen sportsman, who has sense enough to manage my concerns, and good sense enough not to attempt to manage me—I say—though with some degree of reluctance—I might probably yield such a person my hand, and appoint him my chief huntsman. But I thus publicly declare, if you will give publicity to my resolution, that no sighing swain shall ever make the least impression on my heart; and that if ever I am won, it must be by a man who can out-ride me, out-leap me, out-bet me, and out-shoot me; for never will I submit to sit prim in a drawing-room, superintend a kitchen, or dress dolls for children in a nursery.

So you have my unalterable determination, my dear granny; and if you can assist my views, it will be esteemed a favor; and should you come into my neighbourhood, and feel you have resolution enough to mount one of my high mettled horses, I shall be happy to furnish you with one that will soon lay your old bones at rest in some ditch, and then put an end to your abuse of girls of spirit, who, to a *man*, I was going to say, are determined to run you down; and, if possible, I hope, for one, to be in at the death.

Yours, as you behave,

PRISCILLA TOMBOY.

As a proof of my impartiality, I give Miss Priscilla Tomboy's letter a place, fearless of her threats, and indifferent about her opinion. I am under no apprehension that she will make many converts to her way of thinking and acting; for indelicacy in a woman only needs to be seen to be hated; yet, as she is not the only person in petticoats who violates all decorum, by pursuing field sports, and frequenting places which even the virtuous of the other sex shun, I shall probably,

bably, on some other occasion, give my sentiments of fox-hunting and horse-racing ladies; lest she should imagine that her effrontery intimidates me; or construe my silence into approbation of such anti-feminine pursuits.

PUPIL.

NO. II.

FRENZY, A FRAGMENT.

WILLIAM and Mary were a pair who basked in Fortune's lap; and, careless of dark Envy's frowns, lived completely happy. Two sweetly smiling infants marked their meridian of joy and felicity. Hygæia smiled propitious, and painted her ruddy, gayly-smiling bloom on the countenance of each parent and each babe. Reader, has thy bosom ever warmed with transport for another? does sweet sensibility pervade thy bosom? canst thou participate of happiness because another enjoys it? If so, lift thine hands to heaven, and pray misfortune ne'er may touch their robes. How charming the fore-ground of the landscape; how reverse the shade!

Jealousy, seven-tongued monster, effected a separation. William fled beyond sea, and Mary wept at home; and oft, when melancholy oppressed her breast, and sorrow sate heavy on her soul, then would she wander through the grove, ascend the shaggy steep which overlooks the ocean: these were the places that William loved. Hark! she comes repeating her soliloquy.

Roll on, ye thunders; forked lightnings glare;
Earth belch forth fire, and ocean cast forth foam;
Let every jarring element unite
To crush this frame to atoms! Hear me, heav'n;
And witness, when I swear by Him who stands
Confest the God of Nature, innocent
I suffer! Hear, ye heavens! I swear it

In

In the face of day!—Ha! what intruder
Has dar'd to check my lonely musings?
'Tis some demon!—His form is ghastly,
And his grey locks with madness wild dishevelled!
Now, now he beats the air! Anon, with arms
Outstretch'd, and eyes upcast to heav'n, he calls
With plaintive note, no doubt, some dear-lov'd name.
What sudden changes! In fix'd amazement
Now he stands, transfix'd like a wither'd stem,
That, robb'd of all its branches, now defies
The lightning's vivid blast!—My fate is hard:
Yet harder sure that fate which robs a *man*
Of reason. My woes are great: greater still
The woes which this distracted maniac feels.
His tatter'd robes bespeak the tumults which
O'erwhelm his soul. I'll speak to him; perhaps
Wild Melancholy's archetype may wake
The dormant faculties of reason, may
Bring him to himself.—O, sweet Sympathy,
If aught can shake the fetters of distraction,
It is thy magic pow'r.—Stranger, listen!
See how he tears
His hoary locks, and now his flesh; now grasps
A shadow; and anon, with furious heat,
He strives and tugs to pull the poplar up!
Oh, William; these walks were sacred once
To love. Here have I oft with transport hung
Upon thy arm, while smiling innocence,
The pledge of mutual love, pluck'd daisies sweet,
And tumbled on the grass. But, ah! tis fled.
Hark! what noise is that!—The maniac's voice!
Methinks I've heard the sound.—Now, now his arms
With frantic madness strike the subtle air;
And now he reasons.—I'll listen; perhaps
The story of his woes he may unfold.
I'll creep on tiptoe near. May be———
"Madness seize,
Confusion triumph o'er detested man,
Blast his best hopes, and wither in his hands
Untasted bliss!—Oh, demons! demons!
Hell!—What more?—Oh, I once was happy,
Happy in the arms of———Cursed villain!
And thrice d——d traitor, thou, whom Friendship's league
Had bound to me; thee to seduce my wife!
Thee to———Ah, tis too much for nature
To endure.—Hail, stupendous precipice,
Gayly-smiling rock; from thy proud height,
With arms outstretch'd, and more than human force,
I'll leap!—Mary, I love thee still.—Farewell!
And to this my last hour forgive!——"

Ha!

Ha! what was the parting sound?—Mary!
By heav'ns 'tis my William!—William!
William! William! thy Mary calls!
O, God! O, God! he falls! he falls! he falls!
I will not bid adieu.—Oh, William!
Where art thou!—Hence! hence! I'll—Oh!——

Her knees sunk to the ground; her spirits and strength failed her: even love, which accomplishes so much, could not support her to the top of the rock. She beat her bosom; her big heart throbbed, and met the stroke: she wrung her hands, lifted her swoln and tearless eyes to heaven, faintly uttered, in broken accents, the name of William, and expired.

The Iago of the scene looked on. Remorse now seized his feelings: conscience did its office, and, like a vulture, preyed upon his vitals. On his death-bed, with all the terrors of eternal vengeance full in view, he made this confession.

P. S. Though the Fragment of "Frenzy" is dressed up in the garb of fiction, it is founded upon a recent fact, and displays little more of the novelist, than a tone of colouring to the incidents, necessary on introducing them to public view. A very little more would have superceded any description of time and place. The solitary effect of mean-spirited villainy pourtrayed above, is well known to the public, but under another form.

And here the Author of the Pupil begs the indulgence of the ladies, while they are informed, that the Pupil will frequently contain tales founded on well authenticated facts: for why should we recur to imagination, when human nature opens such an ample field for contemplation? The ladies are also informed, that methods will be adopted to effectually prevent such a considerable period elapsing between the Numbers of the Pupil as is now exhibited.

SINGULAR

SINGULAR CUSTOMS, and REMARKABLE CURIOSITIES of various Kinds, in several Parts of ENGLAND, pointed out.

COTESWOLD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

ON the Coteswold is a customary annual meeting at Whitsuntide, vulgarly called an *ale*, or *Whit-sun-ale*. Perhaps the true word is *yule*; for, in the time of Druidism, the feasts of *yule*, or the *grove*, were celebrated in the months of May or December. These sports are resorted to by great numbers of young people of both sexes, and are conducted in the following manner. Two persons are chosen, previous to the meeting, to be lord and lady of the yule, who dress as suitably as they can to the characters they assume. A large empty barn, or some such building, is provided for the lord's hall, and fitted up with seats to accommodate the company. Here they assemble to dance and to regale in the best manner their circumstances and the place will afford, and each young fellow treats his girl with a ribband or favor. The lord and lady honor the ball with their presence, attended by the steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, and mace-bearer, with the several badges or ensigns of office. They have likewise a page, or train-bearer, and a jester, dressed in a party-coloured jacket, whose ribaldry and gesticulation contribute not a little to the entertainment of some part of the company. The lord's music, consisting generally of a pipe and a tabor, is employed to conduct the dance. All these figures, handsomely represented in basso-relievo, stand in the north wall of the nave of Cirencester church, which vouches sufficiently for the antiquity of the custom. Some people think it a commemoration of the ancient *drink-lean*, a day of festivity formerly observed by the tenants and vassals of the lord of the fee, within his manor, the memory of which, on account of the jollity of those meetings, the people have thus preserved ever since. It

may,

may, notwithstanding, have its rise in Druidism, as on these occasions they always erect a maypole, which is an eminent sign of it.

THE WHITE HORSE, BERKSHIRE.

About three miles from Lamborn, a small market town in Berkshire, is the figure of a White Horse, formed on the north-west side of a high and steep hill. Mr. Wise,* who appears to have given more attention to this subject than any other person, ascribes its formation to the great Alfred, who ordered it to be made as a trophy of the signal victory which he obtained over the Danes at Ashdown, in this neighbourhood, in the year 871.

Mr. Wise, in the warmth of his admiration of this monument, describes it as being designed in so *master-like* a manner, that even the painter's skill could not give a more perfect delineation of the animal it represents. This praise is certainly exaggerated; for though the outline of the Horse displays ingenuity, yet the rude age in which it was formed, as well as its general appearance, contradict the assertion. The horse is portrayed in a galloping position, on the upper part of a hill, where its steep situation, and barren soil, furnish complete security against the inroads of the plough, the stagnation of waters, or the grazing of cattle. Its dimensions occupy about an acre of ground; and its shape is determined by hollowed lines, which are trenches cut in the white chalk, between two and three feet deep, and about ten broad. The head, neck, body, and tail, are composed of one line varying in width; and one line, or trench, has also been made for each of the legs. The chalk in the hollowed spaces being of a brighter color than the turf that surrounds it, catches the sun's rays, and renders the whole figure visible

* See Observations on the White Horse, and Letters on Berkshire Antiquities.

visible at several miles distance. Though the situation of the horse preserves it from all danger of being obliterated, yet the peasants of the surrounding country have a custom of assembling at stated periods for the purpose of clearing it from weeds, &c. This practice, in the phraseology of the country, is called *scouring the horse*, and is attended with a rustic festival, and the celebration of various games. The supplies which nature is continually affording, occasion the turf on the upper verge of the body to crumble, and fall into the trench, for want of continuity; this makes the above proceeding more necessary, as the brightness of the horse must depend on its freeness from extraneous matter.

HERNE'S OAK.

In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Page recounts the traditionary story of Herne in these lines:

> There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
> Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
> Doth all the winter time, at still of midnight,
> Walk round about an *oak*, with ragged horns;
> And there he blasts the tree and rakes the cattle,
> And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
> In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

Herne is said to have been keeper of the forest in the time of Elizabeth, and having been guilty of some offence, for which he expected to be disgraced, hung himself upon this oak. The credulity of the ignorant peasantry induced them to suppose that his spirit haunted the spot, and the bard, from this circumstance, has chosen it as a fit scene of action to expose the cowardice of the lascivious Falstaff, who had here appointed to meet the "Merry Wives" in the character of Herne's ghost. It has lately been cut down; and various tea-caddies, and other small articles, made from the remains of the oak, are preserved by some of the inhabitants of Windsor.

THE

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER III.

The Declaration—A fresh Surprise—
A Canterbury Tale—and Malice mortified.

THE tender attentions of Eliza had been so acceptable to Mr. Franklin, that he regarded her as his best solace for the recent loss he had sustained; and but for his strongly-expressed partiality, and a few lurking hopes, she would have quitted Craven-Street immediately after the departure of Harriet, whose flight at first deeply afflicted her affectionate father: for once, in his life, he strenuously exerted the prerogative of thinking for himself; and, notwithstanding the malicious persuasions of his wife and daughter, persisted in asserting, that Eliza was not concerned in Harriet's disobedience. Frustrated in their design of fixing the stigma upon Eliza, they only suppressed their rancor in his presence, to vent it with the bitterest acrimony in private. "Yes, yes," said Miss Mary one morning, when Eliza had expressed her wish that her uncle's health admitted of her absence, "that is your plausible excuse, to be sure; but I believe you have other motives for staying among us; and your fondness of Mr. Warren is not the smallest. Ha! Mamma, see if I have not in jest stumbled on the truth; her color betrays her." Mr. Warren rose abruptly; he looked sternly at Mary, and said, "such an indelicate speech as you have just uttered, might call a blush upon any cheek. I confess mine glows with indignation; and but for the respect I bear to some part of your family, Madam, my observation would be such as might retaliate the tint to a much deeper hue upon your hitherto blushless countenance." He then quitted the room with an air

of extreme resentment; and Mrs. Franklin, lifting up her hands, cried, "Here is airs for you! If the young parson carries his head so high now, what will he do when he is an *universary* scholar, I wonders!" A smile of contempt stole over the features of Eliza, but she spoke not. "How, Mamma," said Mary, "do you fancy I mind the airs of such a boy? Not I: nor of any *Miss* who *crams* herself into a family to steal away a daughter, win a father's affection from his own children, and then set a saucy chap to insult her betters: but I'll soon see who's head here, I warrant." To all this illiberal abuse Eliza replied not; for while they were present, her proud spirit supported her; but as soon as they left the room, she leaned her face on the sofa pillow, and indulged her tears freely, till roused by the pressure of a hand against her arm; and looking up, she beheld Warren regarding her with a look of concern. "Am I unfortunately the cause of these tears?" he asked, in a tender tone. "Sir!" returned Eliza, with a mixture of confusion and indignant surprise. "You are too quick, Miss Franklin," said Warren, seating himself beside her." I read your thoughts in your expressive eyes; but believe me I am not coxcomb enough to dwell for a moment on the suggestions of impertinence and envy. I am so fully conscious of the falseness of her insinuations, that"—He stopped, for his whole attention was attracted by the varying countenance of Eliza, who, painfully embarrassed, cast her eyes upon the ground, while the mantling glow of her complexion too quickly revealed her secret to the penetrating eyes of Warren, who felt almost equal confusion. He seemed irresolute whether he should proceed; and his silence first recalled Eliza to her recollection. "I am very happy that you give no credit to the assertions of Miss Franklin," said she faintly. He looked earnestly in her face, and, with some degree of hesitation, replied, "Not the least! Hope is the parent of credulity; and much as I should be flattered by the esteem and friendship

friendship of Miss Eliza Franklin, I could never aspire to a warmer sentiment: for base, indeed, and contemptible, must be the man, who, through motives of vanity, would wish to excite tenderness which he has not power to return. Miss Franklin," said he, taking her hand, "you have suffered the unfeeling sarcasms of these people to depress your spirits too much; you look pale: permit me to give you a glass of wine." He turned to the side-board, to give her an opportunity of recovering herself, for his last words had changed the crimson suffusion on her cheeks to a deadly paleness. When she had taken the wine, he continued, "After what has passed to day, I imagine you will not honor us much longer with your company; and while I have the opportunity, I wish, if possible, to bespeak your friendship for one not less amiable than yourself, though less endowed with advantages which may properly regulate her conduct through life. Regard this picture." Conscious that to betray her feelings now would be the height of absurdity, Eliza stifled her emotion, and received in her hand the miniature he drew from his bosom, in the sweet expectation that it might be his sister. On the diminutive ivory was portrayed a face the most lovely she had ever beheld: a seraphic smile gave expression to features turned with softness and grace: the eye was cast down with a look of modest timidity; and the drapery was thrown on with such fantastic taste, as to give the whole portrait a romantic appearance. Eliza gazed on it for an instant with rapture; and if a spark of envy lay dormant in her bosom, its fire was repressed by the benevolent complacency which beauty ever inspires in the breast of the innocent. "Lovely, artless Louisa," said Warren, pressing his lips to the picture, "never shall thy pure love be returned with ingratitude." But though Warren thus expressed the sentiments of his heart, it was more by compulsion than inclination that he spoke. Without possessing any extraordinary vanity, he could not but perceive the

partiality of Eliza; and sensible of her warmth, he felt rather pain than pleasure at the discovery. Possessing too much integrity to trifle with the feelings of an amiable woman, he determined on making her the confidant of all his affairs, trusting that the good sense he saw she possessed, would turn the temporary mortification to permanent advantage. Had his person and affections been disengaged, she was the woman of all others he would have preferred. As it was, he thought candor and explicitness the safest and most honorable method of proceeding; and with these ideas revolving in his mind, he continued to address her. "The original of that portrait was left by a dying friend to the guardianship of my father while a mere infant; and the last words of Mr. Mellish expressed a wish that we might be united; a wish by no means unpleasant, as the fortune of Louisa will be considerable. We were consequently taught, from our earliest acquaintance, to consider ourselves as betrothed; and though such predestined matches seldom are successful, our inclinations readily confirmed the expectations of our parents. It is true Louisa has scarcely had a fair opportunity of judging for herself; as my father, with scrupulous anxiety, has hitherto kept her in almost total seclusion, and since his recent marriage, removed her to a remote and lonely habitation, that she might not imbibe a desire for gaiety from the descriptions of Mrs. Warren, who has been accustomed to a life of liberty, if not dissipation; and while I feel a kind of regret, that Louisa possesses not the power of an unprejudiced choice, I am unwilling to resign my happiness, by a trial which might turn to my disadvantage. The bewitching artlessness of her manner —But here is one of her letters; it will speak for her better than I can." Eliza took the letter, and read,

"*Priordale Farm, August* 11.

"Till now I never thought the scenery round Priordale gloomy and fatiguing to the eye. When we used

to

to ramble together through the copse or over the hills, the whole face of nature seemed animated with ceaseless variety. When you last visited us, it was the most cheerless time of the year, yet it seemed infinitely more delightful than the present. You then remarked that I was more shy of your presence than usual, and unkindly reproved me with want of regard; but you surely forgot that the alteration visible in your person, though not a disadvantageous one, could not fail to repress the familiarity of childhood; yet I felt an unaccountable awkwardness in explaining this to you. I am counting the hours till you return. Your father tells me we shall see you in September; you will then go to college, and at the expiration of three years you will take orders. Then, Henry—But stop—I hear London is a very gay place, and full of lovely women. I am not jealous; but I am such a mere child—only fifteen you know last May—that I often think you must find my conversation very insipid, after the agreeable society you meet with there. It is odd my guardian will give me no opportunity of improving myself; I should then be a more suitable companion for you. But I am now restricted from visiting at the rectory. Maria often comes to see me, and I am sorry to say, she does not speak more favorably of Mrs. Warren. We are always talking of you; and sometimes I am very melancholy. Last Sunday your father read the funeral service over a poor girl, who drowned herself because her lover deserted her. They made it seem that she was insane; but I should guess by my own feelings, that she was not. However, the solemnity of the ceremony afflicted me deeply. We expect an enormous packet from you. Adieu; my best wishes are ever with you.

To Mr. H. Warren. LOUISA MELLISH."

Eliza smiled as she perused the letter: it was written with a degree of simplicity that did not altogether answer her expectations; and perhaps a small share

of pique was mingled with her sensations. She returned it to Warren without any comment. As he received it, he sighed, and said, "By such a companion and friend as you, Miss Franklin, my Louisa might profit; and when I have the happiness to call her Mrs. Warren, I shall presume to solicit a renewal of an acquaintance which, however limited in time, and embarrassing in circumstances, has afforded me the most heartfelt pleasure." Without waiting for a reply, he bowed, and quitted the room; and Eliza ruminated upon what had passed. She now resolved upon hastening her return; a design which was executed much sooner than she expected, by an unexpected incident. When she next saw Mr. Warren, he accosted her with a smile of gladness, which she was at a loss to account for, till he said, "If you are of a revengeful disposition, I can afford you ample gratification. All the malevolent aspersions which have been cast on you are refuted by this letter, which I am taking to Mr. Franklin: but, with all due deference to female curiosity, you shall have the first perusal. He then gave into her hands the following curious epistle:

"*Canterbury, September 2.*

"DEAR HAL,

Though mine is a Canterbury tale, it must be a short one. Curse trouble; I wish you understood short-hand. Do you know I am married? Look at yesterday's paper, and it will tell you, *when*, *where*, and to *whom*. True, indeed, to Harriet Franklin. I married for a wager! for Bob Stakeall betted me five hundred that I would never take the trouble to court any woman! I hate to be shuffled out of my money—So now you have the WHY! It seems Harriet eloped.—I always thought her a fine dashing girl—She came after one Stanhope, who wanted to cheat her out of her virtue by a military marriage; but when she found that he was seeking to make her his dupe, she treated him with proper spirit, and wrote home to intreat her father's

father's pardon; for she was afraid to return, not having heard from Eliza, for whom she left a note on her dressing-room table. Well, her letter was returned in a blank cover. She wrote again to her cousin. No answer came; and the poor girl was in extreme distress. I accidentally met with her; she honestly told me the story. Upon my soul I was sorry; so I offered her a snug little villa, and some comfortable et ceteras. Chain me to the earth, but she refused them; and said, "If she was not betrayed by love, she never would be by interest;" or something like that. I looked confoundedly foolish. But I just then recollected Stakeall's bet; so faith I asked her to marry; and after a few ceremonious scruples she agreed. We are going to Bath; and I shall just give you a peep *en passant*. But Harriet protests she will now disdain the friends who have disdained her. I am going to claim my wager. Bye—bye—

Mr. H. Warren. TORPID."

It was obvious, by this, that Mary had secreted the letters, and the exposure of her malicious artifice was an honest triumph to Eliza, who immediately wrote Lady Torpid an explanation of the whole transaction, and intreated her to pay her respects to a father who, so far from deserting her, had beheld even her faults with a partial eye, and now rejoiced less at her splendid establishment, than at the *virtue* by which she attained it. This had the desired effect; and Eliza had soon the satisfaction of embracing her friend, and witnessing the deserved mortification of Mary Franklin. Lady Torpid hearing that Eliza purposed returning immediately to Devonshire, solicited her to attend her to Bath, where she promised her "a world of pleasure." To this Eliza readily assented; the more so, as it afforded her a better excuse for returning; as she was unwilling to give her father pain, by mentioning the unkind treatment she had experienced from Mrs. and Miss Franklin. London had

had been to her a scene of small engagement; and she hoped, by close attention to domestic duties, to banish from her mind every unfortunate propensity. As the day of her departure drew nigh, Warren seemed less cheerful than usual. He cautiously avoided being ever alone with her; and all his sudden confidence seemed destroyed. When he spoke, it was on common topics; nor ever renewed a subject which he only entered upon with the most honorable intention. When Sir Tancred's travelling chariot drove to the door, Eliza felt more than can be described. Warren she thought looked pale, and somewhat agitated; and when she turned to bid her uncle farewell, who affectionately embraced her, Warren rose abruptly, and with a general bow quitted the room. His lips moved as he passed her; but it was impossible for her to catch a sound; and she felt a degree of resentful chagrin at the coldness of his behaviour, which served the better to support her spirits at the separation. Their journey was a pleasant one; and the style in which they travelled was a source of visible exultation to Harriet, whose lively sallies and agreeable chit-chat afforded Eliza much amusement. She was delighted with Bath; it was a theatre of elegance and fashion; and in the vortex of dissipation, through which she was hurried by Lady Torpid, she buried for a while every painful recollection. Sir Tancred, though occasionally exhilerated by the gaiety of his lady, to whom, through mere indolence, he allowed every indulgence, generally preserved the most chilling apathy when surrounded by the luxuriant charms of nature, or the vivifying fascination of splendor and tasteful art. One morning, when they had been about a week in Bath, Harriet requested he would attend them to the library. He coolly declined the office, said he had slept ill, and would endeavor to dose on the sofa. In the evening Lady Torpid proposed to visit the theatre; but the Baronet's dog Pero was indisposed, and Sir Tancred chose to be his nurse. Harriet pouted.

pouted. "Curse me, Madam," cried Sir Tancred, "do you think I am turned puppet leader! I have sickened myself with exhibiting you. Is it not enough to have my servants and carriages, but you must make a slave of me? Chain me to the earth if I will be seen out again with you this month. Let Lord John Leapditch attend you, he is always on the scamper. Why will you make me fatigure myself with talking so, my dear?" He then sauntered away to visit Pero. "This will not do," said Lady Torpid, shaking her head. "I must rouse this noble Baronet; for do you know, Eliza, with all his queer ways, I like the man; aye, I swear I do better than all his liveried servants or dazzling equipages. There was something so generous in his marrying me you know," she added, while a tear started to her eye.—"But I will rouse him, and Leapditch shall aid and assist in the glorious enterprize." Thus passed away six weeks; and Eliza thought it time to bid her kind friends adieu. Harriet reluctantly consented to her departure; but Eliza was resolute, and, with a little half serious raillery to Sir Tancred, and some very serious advice to Lady Torpid, she took leave of them and Bath.

(To be continued.)

THE VISION OF ABDELLAH.

THE sun had darted his parting glance from out the bosom of his chearful bride, the lovely Thetis, when Abdellah wandered from the suburbs of Balsora; and, while deeply meditating on the end for which man was created, innumerous thoughts, the phantoms of the moment, stole in upon his mind. The Dæmon of Darkness, slow pacing over the dusky brow of Twilight, perceived his doubts, and fearing lest Reason should out strip the vague ideas which philosophers had inculcated, bade Lethargy, the soft companion of her

her way, pluck from her downy wing the heaviest plume, and write Oblivion on his anxious doubts. Soon as she had armed it with the dew stolen from the closing poppy, she flew to obey: but the genii Truth, who had overheard the fell command, rushed from her sphere, and with her wand warded off the impending evil. Nor yet entirely was the evil procrastinated; for as she fled, one big drop fell from the plume, and lulled his senses for awhile in sleep. Truth perceived the mishap, and bade Hope, attendant on her call, in genial tints portray the pregnant dream—

He beheld a damsel, lovely as the morning, whose brow a chaplet bound, adorned with one bright gem in front: though small its orb, yet from it beamed myriads of light, which wide dispensed an artificial day: her robe, pure as the snow, the winter cloak of the lofty Alpines, and softly diffused around her arm, fair as the encircled mantle. She waved her wand of adamantine, and, lo, the air was darkened, loud rolled the crashing thunder, and intercepting flashes pierced the gloom: she ceased, and all was still, still as the grave! Abdellah impatiently urged her with enquiries, when she replied, her name was "Truth," and turned. He now beheld a steep and rugged mount, whose summit seemed to mingle with the clouds; a few winding and treacherous paths were perceptible on its sides, and in one part glistened a pale and tremulous flame; a choir of blissful youths pursued it: it vanished; they precipitately dashed into pieces; groans and cries of anguish succeeded. Abdellah, no longer able to view the mountain, anxiously besought Truth to inform him the significancy of these appearances. She rejoined, "Thou hast seen, oh, Abdellah, the Mountain of Life, the paths which were just distinguishable, and frequently destructive to the passenger—the pursuits of men; the flame which afforded for awhile a lambent gleam; Pleasure, the train of youths, her votaries, and at length the victims to her deceptions: Such, oh, Abdellah,

dellah, are the consequences of life. Again do thou look forth The mountain again appeared, and he saw one toiling alone to attain the summit; but while clinging to a projecting part, he fell, and was no more seen. A numerous company united hand in hand, then came forward, and soon ascended the greatest elevation of the mountain. But Truth waved her wand, and all was invisible. "Thou hast again beheld, oh, Abdellah, the Mountain of Life: the first who singly endeavored to climb it was the misanthrope, the man of solitude, who was lost in the attempt: the company was society, who, by their mutual aid, diminished their labor, and at length insured their success. Cultivate society, and be happy.

J. W. S.

Tooley-Street,
5th August, 1802.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY's LAP-DOG.

[Continued from page 80]

AS soon as my master was seated in the carriage, he placed me gently by his side, and stroking my head with an appearance of affection, said, "My poor little animal, I am sorry we must be separated; but you shall return to me again in the course of a few weeks."

When we stopped at the place of my future residence, Mr. Lambert took me under his arm, and running up stairs with me into an elegant drawing-room, asked a young lady, about nineteen, if she would take me to board. "Alas! poor Benedict!" said she, archly smiling, "so at last thou art compelled to submit to the *higher* POWERS. Well, I shall certainly place myself under my delectable cousin's tutelage, to learn the method by which you have been so completely subdued."

"My dear Eliza," replied my master in a tone of vexation, "do, for Heaven's sake, spare your raillery;

for I assure you it is *ill-timed.* I am so completely harrassed out by Amelia's caprices, that I feel at this moment heartily sick of my life!" "Let not thy *noble courage* be cast down!" said she in a most theatric voice. Then suddenly changing the cast of her countenance, she began singing a lovely air, "*I'll have a wife of my own.*" "I perceive how it is," rejoined my master; "there is no chance of any rational conversation this afternoon; therefore adieu. I know you will be kind to poor Fidelle, for the sake of the *beloved being* to whom she belonged." "Yes," said she, as he closed the door after him; and that *reflection* ought to have prevented you from suffering the little animal to be sent out of the house! Come here, Fidelle," continued she, "and let me *look* at you; though, to tell you the truth, I am not very fond of your race; however, you shall have plenty to eat and drink, for the sake of your dear mistress, for whose memory I feel the tenderest respect." She then rang the bell, and enquired of the butler at what hour he thought his master would return. When he informed her the carriage was not to go until ten o'clock in the evening, she desired it might immediately be ordered to the door, saying, "there would be plenty of time for her to make a visit before it was necessary for the chariot to return." As soon as it arrived, she called me to follow her, and began dancing the Scotch steps entirely across the room. As she stepped into the carriage, she desired she might be driven to the same place she went to on the preceding night.

As we rode along, I amused myself with thinking what could be my new mistress's plan; for I thought, by her manner of interrogating the butler, there was something in agitation which she wished her father not to find out. As I concluded we were going to some of her *gay* acquaintance, I was surprised at seeing the carriage drive down a number of little dirty streets, and still more so, at observing it stop at the end of an alley, and seeing the footman alight, and let down the steps.

steps. "Come, Fidelle," said she, taking me under her arm, "I must not let you dirty those pretty little feet;" and away she tripped, and soon ascended a stair-case, that was dark, narrow, dirty, and steep. She went as high as the steps would permit her, and then rapped gently at a back chamber door, which was opened by a young woman, whose pallid countenance was covered with a blush expressive of joy. "Well, my good woman," said she, in a voice of tenderness, "and how do you find the dear little boy? Does not Mr. Jackson tell you he will recover; and allow I am an excellent doctress myself?" "Mr. Jackson," replied the woman, "says you are an angel, Madam; and that whatever you undertake, must thrive." "Oh, the *old courtier!*" exclaimed she, smiling. "But seriously, does he think the child will live?" "Yes, Madam; with the blessing of God, he says, there's no doubt of it."

"That is good news: then now let us talk of the other affair: fifteen pounds was the sum, I think you said, your husband was in prison for; but then, independent of the debt, there will be something necessary for fees."

"Yes Madam," replied the poor creature, in a sorrowful accent; "I dare say they will come to a matter of three pounds." "Well," rejoined this angel, taking some notes from her pocket-book, "then there will still be something left to begin the world again;" and counting them before her astonished companion, she presented her with the sum of five-and-twenty pounds!

"A thousand blessings fall upon you!" said the astonished woman, dropping upon her knees. "Oh! may the Almighty reward such goodness; but for my part, I feel too much choaked to speak!" Here the poor soul's gratitude became so affecting, that my mistress was forced to take her leave.

As soon as we were again seated in the carriage, my amiable mistress drew a miniature from her neck, and pressing it to her lips with enthusiastic emotion, burst

into a violent flood of tears. "Thou dear resemblance," said she, "of my sainted mother," gazing at the picture with an appearance of tenderness not to be described; "if it is permitted *thee* to know the actions of thy Eliza, her employment this evening will have afforded thee delight! Oh!" she continued, in a more empassioned accent, "if I could ever forget the impressive lessons I received, this dear, dear image of perfection would soon recal them to my wandering mind." After this exclamation, she appeared absorbed in reflecsion, until the carriage stopped at her father's door.

As soon as my mistress stepped out, she ran up to her chamber, where her maid seemed busily occupied in putting some trimmings upon a dress. "Well," said she, "Jenkins, do you think the old furbelows will look tolerable? or shall I appear as old-fashioned as if I came from the tombs?"

"Indeed, Ma'am," replied Jenkins, "I have had no little trouble to modernize their appearance; and I belive you will allow it required some *taste;* but I am sure my master will never know but what it was purchased at a milliner's, for it certainly is a very elegant dress." "And don't you think, Jenkins," said she, "I shall have more pleasure in wearing it, than if I was more elegantly dressed than any girl at the ball, when I recollect, that the money which was given me to adorn my person, will release a fellow-creature whom misfortune had confined?" The conversation at this moment was suddenly interrupted by a violent knocking at the street door; and my mistress exclaiming, "Oh, there is my father!" ran hastily out of the room. As soon as she was gone, another servant entered, and each began speaking in the amiable girl's praise: and from them I discovered, that the money, which had liberated the poor prisoner, had been given my mistress by her father, to purchase a dress for the birth-day ball; and that the one which she was under the necessity of wearing, was formed from different articles given her by her god-mother, a

lady

lady who had a place about the Court. I likewise discovered that this circumstance was to be kept secret from the old gentleman, who, it appeared, was of a very different disposition from his amiable child.

Whilst I was thinking how wrong it was to form an opinion of a character until an opportunity occurred by which we might see it explained, a servant came up stairs, and informed Mrs. Jenkins, Miss Worthington desired she would bring me down.

"And so," said Mr. Worthington, as I entered the apartment, "poor Lambert is so completely henpecked, he *dare not* keep his sister's dog." "Yes," replied my mistress, "Achilles is in *petticoats;* and I suppose we shall soon have him learning to spin. But look, Sir, is she not a pretty little creature?" "Yes; but what is she *good for?*" enquired the old gentleman. "I would never keep an animal that could do nothing but *eat* poor children's food." My mistress then recorded the sagacity I had testified in discovering the poor fellow who was concealed; and this anecdote produced a sudden change in his opinions, and he seemed no longer desirous of depriving me of life. "Come here, my pretty fellow," said he, calling me affectionately towards him; "I think you and *I* shall be good friends in time: for, to tell you the truth, Eliza," continued he, turning to his daughter, "I think these *little animals* are a better defence against housebreakers than those of a *larger size;* and that place I bought in the country is certainly very *lonely;* so I shall let her sleep in my room every night."

From this conversation I easily discovered the natural turn of the old gentleman's mind, and felt convinced, that I must endeavour to render myself *useful*, if I expected to be treated either affectionate or kind. The day after my arrival was that fixed upon for my mistress to make her appearance in what her father thought a *new dress;* and just as she was seated at her toilet, she was informed that a person begged to speak with her, who appeared extremely weak.

"Ma'am," said Mrs. Jenkins, "we have only three quarters of an hour, and you know you have never even tried on your new hoop. She must come again to-morrow; for you know what a fuss we shall have with my master, if you should only be five minutes too late."

"Never mind *that*, my good creature," replied my mistress, snatching the comb out of Mrs. Jenkins's hand: run down stairs, and tell her to come to me: why it is a *new patient*, *child:* did not Thomas say she was ill?" The good-humoured Abigail obeyed the direction, and conducted an elderly lady into the room, who seemed so exhausted by the exertion of ascending, that, when she entered the apartment, she was unable to speak. My mistress no sooner beheld her pallid countenance, than she immediately handed her a seat, and, with a voice of sympathy and kindness, apologized for having given her the trouble of coming up stairs.

"Madam," said the stranger, "*I* am the person to apologize, for presuming to call upon you without the advantage of being known; but, though a stranger to your *person*, I am perfectly acquainted with the benevolence of your heart, and the liberality of your mind. It is fifteen years, Madam, since I had the misfortune to become a widow, and the loss of my husband was the deprivation of support: for though he had been more than that time a surgeon in the navy, the pension I derive from his Majesty is only twenty pounds. At that time, Madam, I had a dutiful son living, who generously offered me a comfortable home; but within the last twelvemonth I had the misery to lose him, and, by that means, am reduced to the deepest distress. All active employments I am unfit to engage in, from a debility of constitution, and an increase of age: in consequence of which, my perspective is so melancholy, that I sometimes am tempted to pray for death. Report has said, Madam, that some of the pensions are to be augmented, but it

is

is not certain that surgeon's widows are to be benefitted by the change; yet, as the present First Lord of the Admiralty is your *near relation*, I have ventured to hope that your pleading might prevail; and that *benevolence*, exerting itself in the cause of *humanity*, might probably be so fortunate as to succeed."

"My dear Madam," replied my mistress, "it is impossible for me to tell you the real gratification I should feel in promoting your desires; and I shall take the first opportunity of representing to his Lordship the request which *necessity* has compelled you to make. Good God!" said she, gazing at the venerable petitioner, "why it is impossible that you can *exist* upon *twenty pounds a-year!* yet when the pensions were first established, it certainly was equal to what fifty would be at the present time. Rely upon my assistance; and leave your address with the housekeeper, who will be happy to offer you what refreshments you please."

I have often heard it remarked, that you may form an opinion of the character of the mistress, by observing the manners which are adopted by the maids; and in this instance I am sure the observation is judicious, for they were at once respectful, attentive, and kind; and Mrs. Mansel found that degree of politeness in the housekeeper's apartment, which she might have looked for in vain among those in a higher sphere.

(To be continued.)

On the Mortifications which attend a DEPENDENT SITUATION, from the Insolence of those who enjoy a more fortunate Fate.

FEW things are more necessary to pay attention to, in the education of young people, than that of inculcating sentiments of humanity in their breasts,

and teaching them to mitigate, by every attention in their power, the mortifications which their inferiors must unavoidably feel.

The Author of the Universe has wisely determined, that there should be different degrees and stations in this life; yet he never intended that the stings of poverty should be augmented either by the arrogance or oppression of the Great! Had *all* been equally *rich*, all would have been equally *unhappy*, as mutual dependance is the bond by which society is sustained; for the rich man's comforts depend upon the exertion of his inferiors; and it is by the reward of these exertions that the poor are maintained It is, therefore, a duty highly incumbent upon parents and teachers, to impress this sense of *mutual obligation* upon the youthful mind, and to convince it, that to oppress the indigent, is to offend their Maker, by whom poverty and riches were equally designed.

These observations have been produced by a two month's visit, which I have lately made to a very old friend, whose children were suffered to treat their dependants with that imperious kind of authority, at which it was with the utmost difficulty that my anger could be restrained. The eldest girl, who just began to fancy herself a woman, had the daughter of a clergyman as a companion, about her own age; and often have my feelings of humanity been excited at witnessing the treatment which this unfortunate being received. If strangers came to the house, she was sent into the nursery with the young children, and always blamed for every act of mischief which they did: or if, as an indulgence, she was permitted to take her place at the table, it is impossible to describe the insults she received. As her person was extremely lovely, and her manners engaging, she had the satisfaction of always being treated with attention by the guests: but the pleasure she might derive from this circumstance was of short duration, for it always excited envy and animosity in the lady of the man-

sion's breast; who, enraged at seeing a dependant in her family more admired than her daughter, made a point of indulging her resentment by some mortifying proof of spleen; and frequently have I seen the ill-fated object of her displeasure hurry out of the room to conceal her tears.

This unfortunate young lady had been playing, for a whole evening, a variety of masterly lessons, which evinced both her judgment and skill; when, turning to the mistress of the house, I expressed my apprehension that the fair performer would find herself fatigued. "I beg, Sir," said she, glancing an angry look upon me, "you will not put such ridiculous nonsense into the girl's head. *Fatigued*, indeed! I'd have you to know, I *pay* pretty *well* for my entertainment; and before she came to *me*, she almost wanted a bit of bread."

"Madam," I replied, "it is impossible to entertain a doubt of *your humanity;* but I conceive four incessant hours of *practice* might amount to some fatigue; yet, from being unable to perform upon any instrument, you cannot be a proper judge of the effect." "Judge or no judge," she retorted, with increased anger, "it is my *desire* that the *girl* shall *play*; and if Mr. Sneak himself was to interfere in *my department*, I assure you, on my honor, I would not permit her to stay."

As I found that all interference in the amiable girl's favor was likely to augment the oppressive cruelty she received, I thought it most prudent to drop expostulation, where there was not the slightest probability it should succeed. Had I possessed a home, or had I been married, that girl, as Sterne says, should have been unto me as a child; she should have lain in my bosom, shared my paternal fondness; and I would carefully have shielded her from Oppression's chilling wind.

The conduct of this lady reminds me of an anecdote recorded of Queen Caroline, which proves she was

was no less amiable as a woman, than excellent as a Queen; with which I shall close my present observations, conceiving it of a nature likely to entertain.

The Princess Royal was accustomed, at going to rest every evening, to employ one of the ladies about the court to read to her till she fell asleep; and it happened that the lady who was appointed to this office was so ill as to be scarcely able to endure the fatigue. Though it was impossible for the Princess not to have observed her situation, yet she found herself so *completely entertained*, that, wholly unmindful of the inconvenience she suffered, she permitted her to proceed until she became thoroughly faint, and at length, by the exertion, actually dropped down in a fit.

The Queen was made acquainted with this circumstance next morning, yet did not attempt to reprove the Princess for what she had done; but when evening arrived, she complained of a lassitude, and requested she would come and read in her room. The Princess, as she was accustomed, did not attempt seating herself in her Majesty's presence; yet every moment waited, in the expectation of being desired: and at length, astonished at her mother's inattention to her comfort, paused, with the idea that she would desire her to take a seat. "Proceed," said her Majesty, in a tone of authority, which she was seldom accustomed to use. The Princess obeyed, yet soon became exhausted, and stopped in the middle of a subject again. The order for proceeding was again repeated; and the Princess fulfilled it, until she became so faint, that she was under the necessity of informing her Majesty, that she found herself almost breathless from fatigue. Then it was that this excellent preceptress pointed out the impropriety of indulging in any pleasure at an individual's expence; and implored her never to think of obtaining gratification, if it was to be attended with another's distress.

It

It is impossible to peruse this anecdote, without admiring the method which the Queen adopted to destroy the effect of selfishness and pride: and had my friend's wife received such a lesson in her childhood, it is probable she would never have conducted herself in a manner to be hated and despised.

SEDUCTION.

A TALE FOUNDED UPON FACT.

[Concluded from Page 126]

"CONCEIVE, Sir, what must have been the anguish of a father, at thus openly witnessing the depravity of his child! yet I had resolution enough to follow her; and slipping half a guinea into the hands of the footman, eagerly demanded where his lady lived. "Manchester-street, Sir," said the man, in a tone of compassion, as if pitying that anguish I found it impossible to conceal: "and if you call at No. 9, at one o'clock to-morrow, there will be no person with her who would be likely to prevent her from being seen."

"The gratification I felt, in having thus far fulfilled my Charlotte's wishes, acted as a balm to my tortured mind; and I indulged the hope, that, by *persuasion* and *intreaty*, I might restore to virtue a still beloved child. As the time approached that was to introduce me to her, I found my agitation rapidly increase; and when I rapped at the door, I was seized with such a trepidation, that I was scarcely able to stand upon my feet. The same humane fellow who had given me the direction instantly opened the street door, and observing the emotion under which I labored, supported me into an elegant dining-room, and fetching me a glass of wine, besought me to drink it, in a manner that was not easily to be withstood.

"As

"As soon as he perceived that I was a little recovered, he informed me that his mistress had seen me the preceding night, and that she had insisted upon his telling her what had passed between us, or threatened to turn him out of his place. He then pulled a letter from his pocket; but I was so completely agitated, that it was with the utmost difficulty that I broke the seal. "And this," continued he, "Sir," presenting me with the letter, "will convince you that I have lost the hope of reclaiming my child.

To Mr. Butler.

"As neither *reproaches* nor *persuasion* can ever induce me to give up a being whom I love much dearer than life, I beg you will not endeavour to obtain an interview which could only increase the agitation of your mind. I shall quit London at nine o'clock this morning, and it is wholly uncertain when I shall return."

"As soon as I had read this fatal proof of depravity, a sudden faintness overpowered my frame, and I fell from the chair in which I had been seated, in a state of insensibility, at my sympathizing companion's feet. At length, however, I recovered the use of my faculties, and requested a coach might be called to convey me to the inn; when, finding the stage would set out in a few minutes, I paid my little reckoning, and immediately stepped in. The anguish of my mind, and the fatigue of travelling, united to not having taken a sufficient quantity of food, brought on a sudden violence of fever, and I was obliged to be left at a public-house upon the road. There I remained upwards of a fortnight, until the contents of my purse were nearly spent; for, during my illness, the unprincipled landlord had paid himself trebly for every article I had; and, upon my complaining of the imposition, he insolently desired me to quit the house.

"Though I was fully sensible of my own debility, I resolved not to stay another moment there; and accordingly

cordingly began my pedestrian journey, in the hope of being soon overtaken by a stage. This hope unfortunately proved fallacious, for not a single mode of conveyance appeared: and it is to your humanity, Sir, that I owe the preservation of a life that appears to have no one blessing in reserve."

It was impossible to listen to a recital of such misfortunes with a heart unmoved by the detail, and I said every thing that sympathy could suggest to alleviate them, though I had the mortification of observing that my endeavours failed A few days after Mr. Butler had indulged me with his history, I accompanied him to his humble, yet elegant, abode; for though the house was small, and every thing in it simple, yet it was evident that it belonged to a man of taste.

Upon taking leave of this venerable character, his expressions of gratitude went to my heart; and I would willingly have resigned half my possessions to have had the power of mitigating his grief. Suppose, said I, mentally, *I* was to *see Matilda*, and describe to her the acuteness of her father's distress; the latent sensations which *Nature* must have implanted might possibly soften her obdurate breast. The idea had no sooner occurred, than I resolved it should be executed; and throwing myself into my travelling chaise, I gave myself up to the gratifying sensation of fancying my embassy certainly must succeed. As I am one of those ardent characters that pursue every thing with avidity which my mind prompts me to undertake, I merely stopped for the purpose of changing horses until I arrived in Manchester-street. Some yards before the door I perceived straw had been littered, and two carriages prevented the drawing up of mine. My motions, however, were not to be impeded; and I sprung from my chariot, and knocked at No. 9. A servant instantly attended the summons, who informed me that Miss Butler could not be seen, as she was labouring under a delirious fever, and the physicians entertained little hope of her life.

Whilst

Whilst the man was giving me this melancholy intelligence, my feelings were shocked by the most appalling screams; and I heard her distinctly exclaim, "Oh! I will see my father! For unless *I receive his blessing*, I can never die in peace." Without thinking it necessary to adopt ceremony upon such an occasion, I rushed by the servant, and flew up stairs; and entering the apartment from whence the voice issued, beheld a lovely young creature forcibly detained in the bed. I entered the room without any person appearing to notice the intrusion, as the attention of those who were present was occupied by the sick; and for some moments I remained in a state of stupefaction, until roused to reflection by the reiteration of her screams. At one moment she implored Dashmore to shield her from her father; and at the next, forbid him to appear in her sight. Then she would reproach him for her dereliction from virtue, and beseech her parent to pardon the imperfections of his child.

"He does pardon you, my dear Miss B." said I, affectionately pressing her fervid hand; "and has sent me to assure you of his forgiveness, and to restore your wounded mind to *peace*." "*Peace!*" she exclaimed, in a tone of agony: "*Peace* is the inhabitant of a *virtuous* breast! My crimes have chased her from this tortured bosom; and never, never can my woes find rest."

Mr. Dashmore, who was kneeling by the bed-side, said every thing in his power to mitigate her agitation; but whenever he addressed her, it appeared to be increased: and at length the physicians persuaded him to quit the apartment; assuring him, that her life depended upon being kept composed. As soon as the agitated young man had quitted the sick chamber, Doctor Freeman, in a low tone of voice, enquired whether I was the *lady's friend;* and at the same time informed me, that Dashmore, in his *presence*, had promised, if she recovered, to make her his wife.

From

From this intelligent physician I found that the fever had been brought on by her having eaten a quantity of ice at a dance; and the malady had been increased by her accidentally hearing of her amiable mother's untimely death. To a mind debilitated by a violent disorder, the reproaches of an accusing conscience must have been dreadful to bear; and her intellects sunk under the acuteness of those sensations, which, unsubdued by sickness, she might have sustained.

Though Doctor Freeman allowed the patient's recovery to be *possible*, yet the hopes he entertained appeared to be faint. I therefore sent an express immediately to Mr. Butler, who arrived in Manchester street about twelve o'clock at night. The medicines which Doctor Freeman had administered to his patient, for several hours produced a most profound sleep; and during that time the mind of Mr. Dashmore appeared one moment *elated* by *hope*, and the next *depressed* by *grief*. As I really sympathized in the young man's sensations, I said every thing in my power to mitigate his distress, when he told me, that, from his first interview with Matilda, he had implored his father to give his consent to the making her his wife; but that he had threatened to disinherit him if he persevered in the idea, yet offered to make him a splendid allowance if she consented to being kept.

That a parent should thus allure his child to the practice of seduction, appeared a crime so unnatural, as scarcely to be conceived; yet, when I reflected upon the numerous vices Sir Charles Dashmore had been guilty of, the shocking account was easily to be believed. Upon the carriage driving up to the door which brought Mr. Butler, the agitated young man hurried out of the room, imploring me to assuage the violence of his emotions, by assuring him, he was ready to make every reparation in his power. "Tell him," said he, "that, even in this dreadful state of derangement, if a licence can be procured, I will make her my wife."

As I had prepared myself to see this unfortunate father agitated in a greater degree than I had ever beheld, I was astonished to see him enter the parlour with a countenance more resigned than it was possible to expect. "My Matilda still lives!" said he, "I am informed by the servants, and has enjoyed some hours of undisturbed rest. I bless the Almighty that I shall once more behold her, and, I trust, whisper comfort to her agitated breast."

When I informed him of Mr. Dashmore's generous intentions towards Matilda, if it pleased the Almighty she should be restored, he replied, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? and can my child's character become *unspotted*, by the *mistress* being converted into the *wife?* No, my dear Sir, Matilda shall take no advantage of those professions which *compassion* alone could have produced. If Sir Charles Dashmore would have disinherited his son for marrying my daughter when innocence and loveliness would have been her only dower, what would be his sensations at hearing he had united himself to a girl whose character had been publicly disgraced?"

I was prevented from replying to these admirable sentiments, by the nurse entering to inform us, that her mistress was awake, and that she appeared perfectly to have regained the powers of recollection, though she seemed very languid, and could scarcely speak. Doctor Freeman, who at that moment returned, requested that her father would not think of going up stairs, until he found whether his patient's mind might be injured by the interview, or whether it was likely to tend to its relief. In less than half an hour he returned again to us, and told Mr. Butler, he had informed his daughter that he was there, that it seemed to afford her the highest consolation, and that she had requested he would immediately go up stairs; but at the same time desired the nurse to quit the chamber, as she wished to receive him quite alone.

It was in vain that the worthy man attempted to subdue those emotions which the sight of a beloved object is calculated to produce: and it was not until he had taken a reviving cordial, that he found himself able to rise from his seat. After an absence of an hour, he returned to us; and though the traces of sensibility were still to be seen, yet his countenance displayed a mixture of sensations softened by resignation, and illumined by delight.

"I understand from my dear Matilda," said he, "that Mr. Dashmore's father is hourly expected at his house in town; and as she can not positively tax her remembrance, I am inclined to think he may be arrived: I shall therefore send a messenger with a letter, that will prove to him, that though *I despise* his *conduct*, I still respect myself! So saying, he seated himself at the writing table, and addressed the Baronet in the following style:

To Sir Charles Dashmore.

"If my mind was capable of feeling any gratification in a passion so degrading as that of *revenge*, I should not have taken the trouble of informing Sir Charles Dashmore, that his son has made honorable proposals to my poor deluded child, and is only anxious to recompence the injury he has done her, by converting the *mistress* into the *wife*. *This proposal* has been positively rejected, from a sense of what is due to a family in a more elevated sphere: but had Sir Charles Dashmore felt what was due to the sensations of two affectionate parents, the object of their solicitude never had been here. Though the father who could conduct a son into the path of *seduction*, I consider as a disgrace to the name he bears.

"If a union, formed under the sanction of those laws which are no less political than they are divine, could restore that virtue which my child has sacrificed, I should have rejoiced in seeing her Mr. Dashmore's wife, But as a character once obscured can

never become resplendent; or the female who has deviated from rectitude, ever acquire respect, I purpose taking her to a spot where she is an entire stranger, and where she will neither be exposed to observation, severity, or contempt. This plan, perhaps, may not be easily accomplished whilst Mr. Dashmore remains in the house. It is, therefore, my request, that, by persuasion or compulsion, the destroyer of my Matilda's happiness may be removed.

"With a mind tortured by the most afflicting sensations, I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

EDWARD BUTLER."

To this letter Mr. Butler received an answer highly complimentary to the sentiments it expressed, and at the same time offering an allowance to Matilda, that would at once raise her above every pecuniary distress. Scarcely had Mr. Butler perused this epistle, and expressed his indignation at the idea of his daughter's being *obliged*, when a servant arrived to inform Mr. Dashmore, that his father was suddenly taken ill. Though the young man appeared shocked at this intelligence, he refused quitting the house without seeing the object of his desires; when, after imploring her to persuade her father to consent to their union, he promised to return to her again in a short space of time. Though Mr. Butler was persuaded he would not have the power of fulfilling this promise, yet he felt anxious to have his daughter removed; and the moment Doctor Freeman thought it could be done without danger, she was carried to a lodging that was ready prepared.

Whilst Matilda was attended by her father with unremitting tenderness, I returned to my country seat, and undertook the disposal of Mr. Butler's property, as he had determined to take up his residence in Wales; for a sister of his wife's had long lived in that country, and after her death had persuaded him to settle there. The penitent Matilda was delighted at the

the prospect of removing from a spot where her history was known; and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to begin the journey, intreated her father to leave the town. A sick bed has often produced the most salutary consequences; for by its influence the greatest libertines have sometimes been reclaimed: it therefore is not wonderful that the heroine of my story, after her recovery, should have found her disposition changed. As a daughter she became both dutiful and affectionate; and by all her acquaintance was generally esteemed.

ANECDOTES of CELEBRATED and ECCENTRIC FEMALE CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Vanbruggen, the Actress.

MRS. Vanbruggen was wife to the promising actor of that name, who was unfortunately murdered as he was escorting the celebrated Mrs. Bracegirdle home from the theatre. On Mrs. Montford was the justly celebrated and well-known ballad of Black-ey'd Susan written by Mr. Gay. Lord Berkeley's partiality for this lady induced him to leave her, at his decease, three hundred pounds a-year, on condition that she never married. His Lordship likewise purchased Cowley for her, which was afterwards the summer residence of Mr. Rich; and she besides received from him, at times, very considerable sums. After this she fell in love with that very capital actor, Mr Booth; but the desire of retaining her annuity prevented her being joined in the bands of wedlock with the lover whom she preferred to numbers that were candidates for her favor. This consideration obstructing, the union could not take place, and Mr. Booth soon found another mate. Mrs. Vanbruggen had contracted an intimacy with Miss Santlow, a lady celebrated

as a dancer, and esteemed a tolerable actress. She was the declared favorite of Secretary Craggs, through whose liberality she became possessed of a fortune sufficient to enable her to live independent of the stage. What Mrs. Montford could not effect, Miss Santlow did. Mr. Booth transferring his attention from the former to the latter, soon obtained possession both of her person and fortune. Mrs. Montford no sooner heard of the perfidy of her lover, and the ingratitude of her friend, than she gave way to a desperation that deprived her of her senses. In this situation she was brought from Cowley to London, that the best advice might be procured for her. As during the most violent paroxysms of her disorder she was not outrageous, and now and then a ray of reason beamed through the cloud that overshadowed her intellects, she was not placed under any rigorous confinement, but suffered to go about the house. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening? and was told, that it was Hamlet. In this piece, while she had been on the stage, she had always met with great applause in the character of Ophelia. The recollection struck her; and with that cunning which is usually allied to insanity, she found means to elude the care of her servants, and got to the theatre; where, concealing herself till the scene in which Ophelia was to make her appearance in her insane state, she pushed on the stage before her rival, who played the character that night, and exhibited a far more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic art could do. She was, *in truth*, Ophelia *herself*, to the amazement of the performers as well as of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her. On her going off, she prophetically exclaimed, "It is all over!" and indeed that was soon the case; for as she was conveying home, (to make use of the concluding lines of another sweet ballad of Gay's, wherein her

fate

fate is so truly described,) " She like a lilly drooping, then bowed her head and died."

Mrs. Porter, the Actress.

Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Porter rose gradually to excellence and fame much about the same time. They conversed together on the best terms: Porter's gravity was a contrast to the sprightliness of Oldfield, who would often, in jest, call her her mother.

She lived at Heywood-hill, near Hendon. After the play, she went home in a one-horse chaise; her constant companions were a book and a brace of horse pistols. The dislocation of her thigh-bone was attended with a circumstance that deserves to be recorded. In the summer of 1731, as she was taking the air in her one-horse chaise, she was stopped by a highwayman, who demanded her money. She had the courage to present one of her pistols to him. The man, who, perhaps, had only with him the appearance of fire-arms, assured her that he was no common thief; that robbing on the highway was not to him a matter of choice, but necessity, and in order to relieve the wants of his poor distressed family. He informed her, at the same time, where he lived; and told her such a melancholy story, that she gave him all the money in her purse, which was about ten guineas. The man left her: upon this she gave a lash to the horse; he suddenly started out of the track, and the chaise was overthrown: this occasioned the dislocation of her thigh-bone. Let it be remembered, to her honor, that, notwithstanding this unlucky and painful accident, she made strict enquiry after the robber; and finding that he had not deceived her, she raised, amongst her acquaintance, about sixty pounds, which she took care to send him. Such an action, in a person of high rank, would have been celebrated as something great and heroic: the feeling mind will make no distinction between the generosity of an actress and that of a princess.

Duchess

DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

A young gentleman of family and fortune, but of abandoned principles, had long distinguished himself in highway robberies, and other desperate acts against society. He had been often apprehended, and sometimes convicted; but, through the interest of his friends, had been always pardoned. He was at length tried for murder, and condemned. He had now become so notorious, that it was absolutely necessary to sacrifice him to the public safety. The influence of many of the nobility was in vain exerted in his favor; the King was immoveable. He was just proceeding to give the order for his execution, when some of the nobility artfully threw a copy of a pardon on the table before him He had a pen in his hand, and the Duchess of Portsmouth stood at his shoulder. She took his hand gently within her own, and, conducting it to the paper which had the pardon written on it, led his hand while he subscribed his name, the King not making the least resistance. Shaking his head, and smiling, he threw the pardon to the noblemen who had interposed in the young man's behalf, telling them, "to keep the rascal out of his reach for the future." When this pardon was shewn to the Lord Chancellor Hyde, observing how badly the letters of the King's name were formed, as if his hand had trembled, he said, that, when the King wrote, "Justice had been fighting against Mercy."

BON MOT.

DRYDEN's translation of Virgil being commented by a Right Rev. Bishop, in the presence of a very witty Earl, "The *original* is, indeed, *excellent*," said his Lordship; "but every thing suffers by a *translation*, except a *Bishop*."

ARGUMENTS

ARGUMENTS

To prove the Extreme of Riches more detrimental to moral Principles, and productive of more fatal Effects, than Poverty.

THE extremes of riches and poverty are frequently productive of injurious consequences; but the former is indubitably the most prejudicial to moral principle: Pride and Avarice being the offspring of Prosperity; while Humility, Patience, and Benevolence, are those of Adversity.

The generality of mankind are accustomed to pay obeisance at the shrine of Plutus, while the poor individual is unregarded. When the prosperous man beholds the respect given him, vanity, that frequent spot on the human heart, occasions his concluding the veneration due to merit. Dazzled with the sunshine of prosperity, he oft times thinks not from whom all blessings flow, but proudly imagines that he is superior to those personages who have experienced the shafts of adversity. Avarice next succeeds; and then adieu to charity, benevolence, and all the finer feelings of the soul.

Let Adversity's more favorable effects be now beheld. It teaches us not to have too great an affection for those worldly baubles which actuate a frivolous mind, but cannot prevent affliction overwhelming the possessor.

It proves how little dependance should be placed on Fortune, whose wheel at one circumvolution may dash the unthinking mortal from the pinnacle to the bottom.

Afflictions meliorate the heart, and render it susceptible of a compassion for those who have experienced similar misfortunes. It is true, the poor man cannot relieve their pecuniary distresses; but the sincere wish of a benevolent heart to assist a fellow-

sufferer,

sufferer, is more commendable than a gift proceeding from ostentatious motives; for it may be remembered, that our Saviour preferred the widow's mite to the costly offering of richer persons.

The misfortunes we endure in this world, likewise teach us to place our hopes of happiness on a future state; by patience, and a virtuous course of life, to deserve immortal honors. Such are the advantages of adversity. In respect to the opinion sometimes entertained, of poverty giving rise to envy, and occasioning theft, the perusal of ancient, as well as modern biography, will ascertain fewer in prosperous circumstances to have been devoid of those pernicious passions, arrogance, ostentation, and avarice; than that the poor have been susceptible of envy, and not preserved their integrity. This a Phocion's, a Socrates', an Epaminondas', and a Cincinnatus' conduct avers; while an Alexander, a Demetrius, a Lysander, and a Xerxes, possessed the vices incident to prosperity. As an example of riches' baneful effects, a Wolsey might be quoted from the English history; and sacred writings afford a striking instance in Nebuchadnezar.

Adverse fortune has another advantage; which is, that it strengthens the mind, while prosperity enervates it; for, according to a celebrated poet,

"In adversity
The mind grows tough, by buffeting the tempest;
But in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness."

A MEDITATOR.

Russell-Place.

ARROWE'S

ARROWE'S STREAM.

"A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
"Gilt with the sun-beams here and there,
"On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk."

COWLEY.

"Cease a little while, O wind! Stream, be thou silent a while! Let my voice be heard over the heath; let my wanderer hear me. Salgar! It is I who call. Why delayest thou thy coming?"

MACPHERSON.

I SIT by Arrowe's side, on the trunk of a rifted oak: once it gave shade to the bank, but now it is bowed to the stream; the waters make their way through its reverend sides. A willow graces the opposing shore; its trunk is disparted by Time. Part thrives erect upon the humid marge; its foliage trembles in the wind; part seems forsaking its site: Its roots are exposed to the tide; its branches recline on the stream, and mock the sportive wave. The wild rose flaunts along the osier'd bank; its blushing buds are surcharged with dew. The frolic zephyr rifles every hoard, and scatters fragrance around. Many are the sweets of Arrowe's pastoral stream!

On an islet that severs the tide an aspen once towered supreme; beneath the woodman's stroke it bowed, it crashed, it fell. Its roots and its headless trunk their ancient abode maintain. Many a lusty twig adorns their sides of age. The rank grass bends beneath the glittering dew: the broad-leaved mallow rejoices in its seat: the insinuating ivy spreads its arms around. Rapid over yon pebbly bed is the glide of the glassy stream: its silver'd foam enchants the eye; its gurgle enchants the ear. A tuft of reeds "whistles in the wind," and seems to glory in the circling wave. Many are the sweets of Arrowe's pastoral stream!

New

New beauties burst upon the view. The curious intertwine of the encountering trees, the sylvan arch impervious to the sun, the "old fantastic" roots, the solemn stillness of the deep, the awe-inspiring gloom, proclaim a deity near. Genius of the place, arise! for this is thy chosen haunt. To thee shall my vows be paid, duly at morning's dawn, and duly at silent eve. Many are the sweets of this thy favored stream!

A water-fall is heard remote: its splendors dart through the gloom. Wave rides on wave in wild succession: mid-way is a thwarting bough, and sweet is their conflict rude. Clumps of alder abound: their roots are verdur'd with moss: the wave rebounds from their sides: it now eludes and now confronts the view; the eye is bewildered in sweet perplexity; the ear is enchained to the melodies of the scene. Many are the sweets of Arrowe's pastoral stream!

Nor less are the sweets of the plain. The ancient hawthorn in the midst, the panting brutes beneath, the hedgerow's diversities of green, the cuckoo from the neighboring copse. the bleat of the woolly flock, the low of the *distant* herd, the chaunt of the feathered tribe, the grasshopper's cheering chirp, the rustic reed of the swain, united, entrance my soul. But whence this rising sigh, and whence this trembling tear? Has melody forsaken the plain? or, lost are the sweets of the stream? "Sovereign of the willing soul!" thy form disclosed a paradise of sweets; thy voice to me was melody. When will it be heard agen? when will Matilda be present with her looks of love! Ask of the soul-fraught sigh! Consult the scalding tear! Melody has forsaken the plain, and lost are the sweets of the stream.

THEODORE.

ON ATTACHMENT TO THE PLACE OF ONE'S NATIVITY.

An Extract of a Letter from a young Man to his Brother in Scotland.

"IN the first letter I received from you after your arrival at W——, you say,—"you can have no "idea of the impression which the appearance of this "place made upon me: The principal street seemed to "be one continued scene of ruins."

"Ought I to infer from this, that W—— has *really* declined as much as you seem to have thought? I hope *not;* and, indeed, without admitting that it has, it is by no means surprising that its appearance did not equal the idea you had formed of it.

"When a person is in *love,* (remember I do not speak from experience,) although he be not easily susceptible of any impression unfavorable to the object of his affections; yet, circumstances may render resistance so impracticable, that he cannot remain altogether insensible of her failings. So faint, however, is his conviction of the existence of faults which, to disinterested persons, appear the most glaring, that frequently a short absence removes entirely the recollection of them, and he is again brought to view the object of his attachment as all-perfect. Nay, further, unless his passion be entirely subdued, his favorable opinion will increase in proportion to the length of time he is absent. Hence it is, I imagine, that when lovers have been long separated, and their attachment continued by means of an epistolary correspondence, it almost invariably happens, that both parties experience some degree of *disappointment* at their meeting. "But what affinity," you will ask, "is there between this and my being disappointed as to the appearance of W——?" *I* certainly conceive the cases to be analogous. The attachment we have to the place of our nativity, is no less powerful than that which I

have mentioned above; neither are they by any means dissimilar in their operation; for, how otherwise could we account for this attachment? How could we account for the barren mountains and bleak moors of Caledonia being preferred by a Scotchman to the most beautiful situation in England, which, he must admit, is comparatively an earthly Paradise?

"It may, perhaps, be said, that we are attached to the place of our nativity, for no other reason, but because it is the residence of our relations, and of the companions of our youth. If it were so, our attachment would invariably cease upon *their removal* from the place; but, as the contrary is generally the fact, and as even the death of our friends and acquaintance not unfrequently rather increases than diminishes the attachment, it evidently proceeds from some other source.

"The tendency which men naturally have to depreciate *present* enjoyments, begins to shew itself at an early age. No sooner is the mind capable of thought, than we become impatient under that restraint which education renders necessary, and, considering *it* as the most grievous of all burthens, we anticipate the time of our launching out into the world as the era of the commencement of our happiness. In this, however, how woefully are we disappointed! That which we expected to find a flowery path, is altogether strewed with thistles. In vain do we look for the happiness which we foolishly thought we should possess: It is no where to be found. We are thence led to look back to the time past; and the retrospect must infallibly convince us of our folly; it must make us see, when too late, that what we considered the most irksome, was, in fact, the happiest period of our lives: for we had *then* no cares, no anxieties, but those of our own creation.

"It is, I imagine, when we have experienced this disappointment, that we first *feel* an attachment to the place of our nativity, or at least to the place in which

we have spent our juvenile years. So irresistible is this attachment, that, like love, it prevails, notwithstanding the existence in its object of what to others would be a just cause of aversion; and, indeed, the reason is obvious, although the blindness of love is *not* to be accounted for precisely in the same way. Our attachment is not to the place itself, abstractedly considered, but is occasioned by some pleasing recollections connected with it. Thus, although your partiality to W—— led you, after a long absence, to judge more favorably of it than it deserved, and you was of course disappointed on again visiting it, yet, your disappointment must have soon vanished, and have been succeeded by pleasing ideas and recollections, which every spot, every scene, must have produced. Sometimes, indeed, they may have also occasioned to you a melancholy remembrance of some dear departed friend; but even that is not altogether destitute of agreeable sensations. In short, I am almost tempted to envy the pleasure you experience. Can there on earth be any more exquisite? Impossible."

"J. Mc L."

August, 1802.

THE BIRTH OF PITY.

A SENTIMENTAL FICTION.

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, *Love* and *Joy*. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favored by

Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and Astrea, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse *Sorrow*, the daughter of Até. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her *Pity*. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove, pursued by a hawk, flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles twisted with her mother's cypress.

One

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and *Love* be again united to *Joy*, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

ON THE ORIGIN OF FORKS AT TABLE.

THE use of forks at table did not prevail in England till the reign of James the First, as we learn from a remarkable passage in Coryat. The reader will laugh at the solemn manner in which this important discovery or innovation is related.

"Here I will mention a thing that might have been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian towne. I observed a custom in all those Italian cities and townes through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels; neither do I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commonant in Italy, doe always at their meals use a little forke when they eat their meate; for while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten the forke, which they hold in the other hand, upon the same dish; so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which all the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the

company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This form of feeding I understand is generally used in all parts of Italy, their forks for the most part being made of yronn, steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by an means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all mens fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and often times in England since I came home: being once quipped for that frequently using my forke, by a certain learned gentleman a familiar friend of mine, Mr. Lawrence Whitaker; who, in his merry humour, doubted not to call me at table *Furcifer*, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

BON MOT OF THE COUNT DE GRAMONT.

LEWIS the Fourteenth, when playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw; and as a dispute arose between him and his antagonist, the Courtiers, though called upon to give their opinion, did not chuse to decide. At this moment the Count Gramont entered; and the King informed him he was come at an *à própos* time, as none of the noblemen then present had thought proper to declare who was in the right. "Sire," replied the Count, "your *Majesty's in the wrong*." "How! replied the King; "can you decide, without having been made acquainted with the particulars of the throw?" "Because," said the Count, "had the matter been *doubtful*, all these gentlemen present would have allowed your Majesty's claim."

A remarkable

A remarkable Account of HENRY WELBY, *Esq. a very singular and extraordinary Character, who lived Forty-four Years the Life of a Hermit in the City of London.*

THE noble and virtuous Henry Welby, Esq. was a native of Lincolnshire, and inherited a clear estate of more than 1000l. a year. He was regularly bred at the university, studied for some time in one of the inns of court, and in the course of his travels, spent several years abroad. On his return, this very accomplished gentleman settled on his paternal estate, lived with great hospitality, matched to his liking, and had a beautiful and virtuous daughter, who was married, with his entire approbation, to a Sir Christopher Hilliard in Yorkshire. He had now lived to the age of forty, respected by the rich, prayed for by the poor, honored and beloved by all; when one day a younger brother, with whom he had some difference in opinion, meeting him in the field, snapped a pistol at him, which happily flashed in the pan. Thinking that this was done only to fright him, he coolly disarmed the ruffian, and putting the weapon carelessly into his pocket, thoughtfully returned home; but, on after-examination, the discovery of bullets in the pistol had such an effect upon his mind, that he instantly conceived an extraordinary resolution of retiring entirely from the world, in which he persisted inflexibly to the end of his life. He took a very fair house in the lower end of Grub-street, near Cripplegate, and contracting a numerous retinue into a small family, having the house prepared for his purpose, he selected three chambers for himself; the one for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. As they were one within another, while his diet was set on the table, by an old maid, he retired into his lodging room, and when his bed was making, into his study, still doing so, till all was clear. Out of these chambers, from the time of his first entry into them, he never issued, till he was carried thence, forty-four years

years after, on men's shoulders: neither in all that time, did his son-in-law, daughter, or grandchild, brother, sister, or kinsman, young or old, rich or poor, of what degree or condition soever, look upon his face, save the ancient maid, whose name was Elizabeth. She only made his fire, prepared his bed, provided his diet, and dressed his chambers. She saw him but seldom, never but in cases of extraordinary necessity, and died not above six days before him. In all the time of his retirement, he never tasted fish or flesh; his chief food was oatmeal gruel; now and then, in summer, he had a sallad of some choice cool herbs; and for dainties, when he would feast himself upon a high day, he would eat the yolk of a hen's egg, but no part of the white; what bread he did eat, he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but the crust he never tasted; his constant drink was four shillings beer, and no other, for he never tasted wine, or strong water. Now and then, when his stomach served, he did eat some kind of suckets; and now and then drank red cow's milk, which his maid, Elizabeth, fetched him out of the fields, hot from the cow. Nevertheless he kept a bountiful table for his servants, and sufficient entertainment for any stranger or tenant, who had occasion of business at his house. Every book that was printed, was bought for him, and conveyed to him; but such as related to controversy, he always laid aside, and never read.

In Christmas holidays, at Easter, and other festivals, he had great cheer provided, with all dishes in season, served into his own chamber, with store of wine, which his maid brought in. Then, after thanks to God, for his good benefits, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white Holland sleeves, which reached to his elbows, cutting up dish after dish, in order, he would send one to one poor neighbour, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c. till he had left the table quite empty: when giving thanks again, he laid

by

by his linen, and caused the cloth to be taken away; and this would he do, dinner and supper, upon these days, without tasting one morsel of any thing whatsoever. When any clamoured impudently at his gate, they were not, therefore, immediately relieved; but when, from his private chamber, which had a prospect into the street, he spied any sick, weak, or lame, he would presently send after them, to comfort, cherish, and strengthen them; and not a trifle to serve them for the present, but so much as would relieve them many days after. He would moreover enquire what neighbours were industrious in their callings, and who had great charge of children; and withal, if their labour and industry could not sufficiently supply their families, to such he would liberally send, and relieve them according to their necessities. He died at his house in Grub-street, after an anchoretical confinement of forty-four years, October 29, 1636, aged eighty-four. At his death, his hair and beard were so overgrown, that he appeared rather like a hermit of the wilderness, than the inhabitant of one of the first cities in the world.

BON MOT.

A GENTLEMAN who had raised himself into notice by obtaining a large prize, was extremely anxious to acquire the character of being thought a man of taste; and, amongst the different methods he practised to adopt it, was that of giving private concerts very frequently to his friends. Though he knew not a note of music, he was fond of standing by the performers, and appearing to understand every thing they played; when observing one with a violin under his arm, he angrily demanded why he did not play? The man pointed to the book before him, saying, there were so many bars of *rest*. "*Rest*," he exclaimed; "what do you mean? I pay you to *play*, not *rest!*"

School

School of Arts.

NO. XLIV.

OF GILDING UPON GLASS.

THE art of gilding upon glass is an improvement upon attempts made many years ago, and is chiefly used for decorating the borders of prints, in executing name-plates, and inscriptions for various purposes; as also for ornamental decorations in a variety of elegant works, with different coloured grounds; but black is the most general one in demand.

Procure some of the finest isinglass, which is distinguished by holding it up to the light, when that which is white and transparent is the best, and the contrary is totally unfit for this purpose: dissolve it in very clean water, pretty thick, and strain it through a linen cloth, then into a tea-cup of very clean milk-warm water, put about the size of a small pea, of the isinglass jelly, which let gently incorporate with the water, then having the glass that is to be gilt, quite clear, and free from any dirt or grease, get some leaf gold, the less porous in the beating the better, put it on a gilding cushion, and cut it in pieces sized for the purpose, according to the breadth wanted; then touch with a hair pencil, dipped in the thin isinglass water, on the glass, and while moist, lay on the leaf gold, piece by piece, until all the parts wanted are covered. The leaf will instantly adhere to the glass; then place it within air of the fire, in a slanting position, until it dries, which will be in a few minutes. While it is gently warm, take a piece of clean cotton wool, and rub the gold to the glass smartly, until not only the superfluous pieces of leaf gold are gone, but likewise the back of the part gilt receives a kind of polish; then proceed to lay on a second coat of gold, in the same

same manner as the first, drying it as before, and polishing it; and so a third coat, which is full sufficient, and to gild properly cannot be dispensed with. Then take the size of the print, or drawing, which is to be framed, and laying it on the gilt part of the glass, mark where the corners are to come with a hair pencil, and some dark colour, after which, being provided with a long wooden ruler, and a pointed piece of ivory, draw two parallel lines out of the gold, and with a mahogany or deal stick, pointed cautiously, work away the superfluous part, leaving the gold fillet, which is to encompass the picture, sharp and neat; but, if the picture is to be ornamented by any other lines to appear black, in the centre, lay on the ruler, and with the ivory point scribe them, and then varnish, having some black japan, to which a little burnt lamp-black has been added, to deepen its colour. Paint it all over the gilt part of the glass, in the space between it and the edge; then set it to dry, which will take place in a few hours, then lay out the breadth of the black line, that is to be inside your gilding, scribe it with a sharp point, and cut away the waste black with a graver, or some sharp instrument.

To cut figures, or any kind of ornament, out of gold, after the glass is gilt, have a drawing of the design on paper, at the back of which rub some powdered red chalk, and the smallest quantity of fresh butter; lay the paper on the gold, and with a bluntish ivory point, go over the lines of the drawing, and they will be nicely transferred on the gold; when they can, with an ivory point, be traced out of the gold, and shaded agreeable to either fancy, or from a drawing; and then by mixing any colour thought proper with white copal varnish, the ground may be varied according to fancy.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FULL DRESSES.

1. The head-dress, a veil of lace, embroidered with gold, pink and white ostrich feathers. A spencer of lace, embroidered with gold, over a dress of pink sarcenet. Shoes and gloves white silk.

2. The head-dress blue crape, trimmed with lace, and a wreath of flowers on the back of the head. The dress white muslin, with a robe of fine blue crape depending from the right shoulder, and fastened with sprigs of flowers. The shoes blue silk.

MORNING DRESSES.

3. A green crape bonnet, trimmed with the same, and lined with white. The tippet and gown white muslin. Gloves York tan.

4. A bonnet of lilac crape, with a shade and puffing of white muslin, and a feather of lead colour. A muslin lilac gown, with tucks; and a spencer of white muslin, with a ruff. The gloves a brown tan.

*** Fashionable colors same as last month.

Payne Milliner & Dreſs Maker Old Bond Street.

Wirgman Dreſs Maker Hanover Street Hanover Square.

The Apollonian Wreath.

THE DESERTED BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

A PASTORAL.

BY DR. PERFECT.

HIS losses, by sea and by land,
The merchant may weep and bewail ;
Misfortune his terrors expand,
In varied complexion assail :
But let not Indifference smile,
On my sorrows, with Apathy's sneer,
When the Muse, in reciting her toil,
Shall draw from her poet a tear.

My bird has forsaken her nest,
Her eggs are all taken and gone ;
The school-boy, her foe so profess'd,
This work of destruction has done.
Sly rogue, who committed this deed,
Might I thy correction command,
Unpity'd for this shouldst thou bleed
By thy master's inveterate hand.

For this thy week's pittance withheld,
Not a toy nor a tart should be thine ;
To a task's triple length then compell'd,
And not till 'twas done shouldst thou dine.

I saw the poor hen with the dawn,
Collecting materials to build;
And heard the loud cock in the lawn,
As his notes in soft melody thrill'd.

The fabric was gradually rais'd,
Till compleat in the head of my bow'r;
How often with pleasure I've gaz'd,
And watch'd it from hour to hour!
But all my delight's at an end,
The truant has marr'd all my joy:
Had I seen the young caitiff ascend,
With purpose to rob and annoy,

Remonstrance, perhaps, were in vain,
His heart much too harden'd to melt;
But a discipline meet from my cane
The spoiler should surely have felt.

THE NEST RESTORED.

BY THE SAME.

DEAR minstrel, fair architect, skill'd
The aerial structure to rear,
Again have you ventur'd to build,
My recent despondence to cheer?
How finish'd your work, and compleat,
So well intertwin'd and compress'd;
How snug and how round is your seat!
O what a most beautiful nest!

My hopes that in peace you may dwell,
Your eggs e'er in safety remain;
The filbert shall bower your cell,
And screen it from storms and from rain.
Thy partner's sweet warblings I hear;
Go teach him the orchard to shun;
The cherry so tempting to spare,
For fear of the merciless gun.

'Twas summer, in splendor array'd,
When I in the hawthorn espied,
Envelop'd amidst its calm shade,
A nest, of two blackbirds the pride:

Well

Well nurtur'd by mutual care,
The younglings were ready to fly;
But Fate hover'd oe'r the sad pair;
The sire was devoted to die.

He dar'd from the bough to purloin,
Where pendant the cherry display'd
Its rubies deliciously fine,
That crimson'd its relative shade.
From his post the sly fowler, unseen,
The poor plumy felon descry'd;
Nor was there a moment between,
E'er he flutter'd, he fell, and he dy'd.

No more from the spray pour'd his strain;
His poor widow'd mate was distress'd;
And, unable her brood to sustain,
They languish'd, and dy'd in the nest.
May no such misfortune attend
The theme that my muse now employs:
Myself their protector and friend,
Shall guard them from all that annoys.

From grimalkin's nocturnal patrole,
On ravage ferociously bent;
And truants, escap'd from control,
On mischievous errand intent:
And when to maturity brought,
Your offspring of plume and of song,
Their notes, by warm gratitude taught,
My praise in the shade shall prolong.

And farther I ask as a meed,
As Summer revolves in his round,
From care and calamity freed,
Their nests in my filberts be found.

LINES,

On receiving Falconer's Shipwreck from a young Lady whom the Author did not expect to see again.

WELCOME, dear book! true emblem of my heart,
At the dread moment when from ——— I part.
So Werter took the arms which Charlotte gave;
Kiss'd where she touch'd them—hasten'd to the grave.

O.

SONNET,

ON SEEING A MOTH CAUGHT BY MY CANDLE.

SEE the moth, with sportive wing,
Around the taper flies;
Now it forms an airy ring,
Now approaches, now recedes,
Gayly frolics, careless thing,
Nor the flame's intenseness heeds:
It measures back its mazy round,
Now athwart it takes a bound—
See! the flutt'ring insect dies.
So it is with human joys;
Hope walks with Crœsus hand in hand;
Now we sport with golden toys;
A sceptre shines with mock'ry bland;
We grasp, embrace—cold Death alone our prize!

I. H.

Hague, 10*th June*, 1802.

STANZAS

TO MISS ——— *****.

OH! tell me, Delia, in whose liquid eyes
Beams the mild eloquence of gentlest love,
Tell me, what mute expression still denies;
Say, if for me one sigh thy bosom prove.

When lost, I gaze on thy ſuperior charms,
Wild passion throbs thro' every thrilling vein;
The witchery of thy look my soul alarms,
And feminine softness rivets on the chain.

For ever present—in my fancy blest,
'Tis thee I see in every dream of night;
Clasp the fond Phantom to my glowing breast,
And roll in visions of unmixt delight.

Yet whence this ardour? Oh! I dare not think
That thou, perhaps, may'st frown on this my fire;
Condemn my soul in endless woe to sink,
And ſternly bid me quench the bold desire.

But no—my Delia cannot crush her swain;
For soft compassion warms her gentle breaſt.
Let her but smile in pity on my pain,
And I, elated, am supremely bleſt.

HENRY.

SONNETS.

I.

TO CUPID.

UNERRING archer, stay thy deadly aim:
I own thy sway, for by thy mother, I
Can scarcely bear the galling of thy chain,
Or e'en respire thy big and heartfelt sigh.

Reserve thy sting, nor quit thy native grove;
Oh haunt not this recess, this alcove fair,
To bend my heart, the hopeless prey of love,
With wood-wild passion, misery, and despair.

Oh, fly this haunt, and seek the busy town,
Where Phillis proudly flaunts thy power divine:
Oh, make her bosom sympathetic own
The soft emotions she emplants in mine.
Oh stay thy aim, unerring Cupid, prove
Thy tenderest joys, the sweet return of love.

II.

TO HYMEN.

WHAT fairy hands, oh, god-like Hymen, say,
Wreaths thy soft bands of never-fading flowers,
Cull'd in the sunshine of life's vernal day,
The pleasing wish'd-for bonds of youthful hours?

Do they collect, when strew'd by hoary Time,
The dying embers of connubial fire,
And form a friendship of the store divine,
When age shall freeze the source of fond desire?

Ah why, oh Hymen, then so often press
Life's gloomy way with Plutus for thy guide?
Why let not Cupid all thy altars dress,
And Venus o'er thy festivals preside?
Ah, no, the girdle gem-deck'd Plutus wears
Can paint youth's beauties on the cheek of years.

I. W. SMITH.

Tooley-Street.

AN HUMBLE PETITION,
ADDRESSED TO HENRY P. ESQUIRE,

Imploring him to resign his Apartment to an Invalid in the Family, to whom the Author had promised to relinquish her's, in Case of a Refusal on the Gentleman's Part.

YOUR humble petitioner meaneth to show
A few reasons against a removal below;
And first—she premises—an author her trade is,
Because 'tis the *fashion*—amongst *modern* ladies;
And Locke, who has finely dissected the brain,
Tells us thought becomes vapid, confin'd to a plain;
And that if we would wish our ideas to rise,
We must chuse our abode somewhat nearer the skies;
For the air upon mountains becomes so refin'd
It produces a wonderful pow'r on the mind.
But as I cannot live on the top of a mountain,
Or get one kind drop from Apollo's fam'd fountain,
I find that an *attic* will sometimes inspire
A few *transient sparks* of poetical fire;
Yet these will afford but so fleeting a light,
That an atmosphere pure can alone make them bright.
Methinks, noble Captain, I hear you exclaim,
"Who cares for her muse?" in a voice not quite tame.
"What reason or right have I to resign
"A room I admire, because the fam'd Nine,
"She tells me, are not much inclin'd to descend?
"And if they ne'er do, no loss can attend!
No reason, dear Sir, I vow and protest,
Can I at this moment with prudence suggeſt;
And when I sat down with intent to persuade,
I felt begging a kind of *degenerate* trade.
Yet the motive is this—I find that a friend
Conceives that her health by *advancement* will mend;
Or, in other words, fancies her room too confin'd;
And whatever we fancy affecteth the mind;
Therefore I've determin'd, if you still refuse,
To resign her my room—and relinquish my muse.
And if I should never put pen to the paper,
No regret would arise, as I am not a *draper*.*
But yet, as my powers of persuasion were able
To induce you to yield up a favorite table,†
I yet have a certain presumptive reliance,
And still entertain some slight hopes of compliance;
Though this is a favor I would not have sought,
If my bed-room had not been the mansion of *thought*;
A spot, where each day I take up a long station,
Whilst you may run o'er all parts of the nation;
And knowing that *Soldiers* are very *polite*,
I trust you'll resign your abode for the night.

---

* Alluding to Swift's Letters.

† A writing-table which Mr. P. resigned to the Author.

THE CURATE.

A FRAGMENT.

O'ER the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lamp fed but with little oil,
The Curate sat, (for scanty was his hire,)
And ruminated sad the morrow's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare
The ſtated lectures of the coming tyde;
No day of reſt to him, but day of care,
At manie a church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him sprede his various sermons lay,
Of explanation deepe, and sage advice;
The harvest gain'd from many a thoughtful daye,
The fruit of learninge bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a fond but fearful eye:
Awhile he paus'd, for sorrow stopp'd his throte:
Arriv'd at length, he heav'd a bitter sighe,
And thus complain'd, as well indeed he mote.

"Here is the scholar's lot, condemn'd to sail
Unpatroniz'd o'er life's tempestuous wave.
Clouds blind his sight; nor blows a friendly gale
To waft him to one port, except the grave.

"Big with presumptive hope I launch'd my keele,
With youthful ardour and bright science fraughte,
Unanxious of the pains long doom'd to feel,
Unthinking that the voy'ge might end in noughte.

"Pleas'd on the summit sea, I danc'd awhile
With gay companions, and with views as fair.
Outstript by these, I'm kept to humble toil,
My fondest hopes abandon'd in despair.

"Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
To highest flights, to crosier and to pall,
Scarce could I mourn the missinge of my prize,
For soaringe wishes well derserve their fall.

"No tow'ring thought like these engag'd my breast,
I hop'd (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly plan)
Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,
The scheme of duty suited to the man;

"Where, in my narrow sphere secure, at ease,
From vile dependence free, I might remain
The guide to good, the councellor of peace,
The friend, the shepherd of the village swain.

"Yet

"Yet cruel fate deny'd the small request,
And bound me fast in one ill-omen'd hour,
Beyond the chance of remedy, to rest
The slave of wealthie pride and priestly power.

"Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,
In distant chapels hastilie to pray,
By nod scarce notic'd of the passing thronge,
'*'Tis but the Curate*,' every child will say.

"Nor circumscrib'd in dignity alone,
Do I my rich superior's vassal ride?
Sad penurie, as was in cottage known,
With all its frowns, does o'er my roof preside.

"Ah! not for me the harvest yields its store;
The bough-crown'd shock in vain attracts mine eye;
To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
I pass the field, *I hope*, not envious by.

"When at the altar surplice-clad I stand,
The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee,
The gift I take, but dare not close my hand,
The splendid present centres not in me."

SONG

OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

SLEEP, way ward thoughts, and rest you with my love.
Let not my love be with my love displeas'd:
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger move,
But pine you with my longings, long diseas'd.
Thus while she sleeps I sorrow for her sake;
So sleeps my love, my love; and yet my love doth wake.

But oh! the fury of my restless fear!
The hidden anguish of my warm desires!
The glories and the beauties that appear
Between her brows near Cupid's closed fires!
Thus while she sleeps I languish for her sake;
So sleeps my love, my love; and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest;
Fear in my love, yet is my love secure;
Peace in my love, and yet my love opprest;
Impatient, yet of perfect tempratour.
Sleep, dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake;
So sleeps my love, my love; and yet my love doth wake.

THE

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

BY R. BLOOMFIELD.

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again;
Companion of the lonely hour!
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And cloath'd with leaves my humble bower,
Since thou hast stood
In frame of wood,
On chest or window by my side:
At every birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear,
And, when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand,
And seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in Wisdom's eyes:
Its conic crown
Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filt'ring through,
And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin, and sometimes sing,
(For now and then my heart will glow,)
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing:
By thee the noontide hour I know:
Though silent thou,
Still shalt thou flow,
And jog along thy destin'd way:
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When earth her yellow harvest yields,
Thou get'st a holiday.

Steady as Truth, on either end
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell:
Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain;
Curl inward here, sweet woodbine flow'r;
"Companion of the lonely hour,
I'll turn thee up again."

LINES

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS M. A. E.

Written in an Alcove (commanding a beautiful Prospect of the Isle of Thanet) in Waldershare Park, near Dover, Kent.

'TIS those alone can scenes like this enjoy,
Whose hearts to soft emotions yield the sway:
On thee, dear girl! I every thought employ,
While through these winding paths alone I stray.
'Tis thy lov'd image, cherish'd in my mind,
Beguiles each step, and cheers each varied view,
While Memory whispers soft—illusion kind!—
That once I trac'd these pleasing shades with you.

THE COMPLAINT OF CASCARILLA.

AN AMERICAN BALLAD.

THE fairest cedar of the grove
Arose less beauteous than my love,
The pride of all our Indian youth,
For valor, constancy, and truth.

His eyes were bright as morning dew;
His lips the *nopal's* crimson hue;*
His teeth, the silvery plume so white,
That wings the spotless bird† of night.

For me the unerring lance he threw;
For me the stedfast bow he drew;
Chac'd the fleet roe thro' mead and wood,
Or lur'd the tenants of the wood.

Mine was the spoil, the trophies mine,
The choicest skins my cot to line;
While for the youth a wreath I wove,
With flowers new-gather'd from the grove.

But, ah!—those happy hours are fled;
I weep my dear *Panama* dead!
The clang of war his bosom fir'd,
He fought—was conquer'd—and expir'd.

Untomb'd—unsheiter'd, lo!—he lies;
No maid to close his faded eyes,
With flowers to deck his mournful bier,
Or greet his ashes with a tear.

---

* The plant on which the cochineal is nourished; its blossom is of a beautiful red.
† The American Owl, of a delicate white, equal to snow.

TO LOUISA.

YES, injur'd maid, I'll seek thy lone retreat,
And sooth thine anguish with an healing balm;
Altho' thy pulse in throbs tumultuous beat,
Yet soft compassion shall thy sorrows calm.

What, tho' the spoiler revell'd in thy charms,
Ere yet the bud of beauty' gan to bloom!
And flying, sated, from thine eager arms,
Left thee, Louisa, sadd'ning at thy doom:

Yet let thy bosom swell no more with grief,
Let thy dim eye resume its wonted glow,
For kindred friendship can impart relief,
And tender pity cheer the gloom of woe.

"Edward," she said, and smote her snowy breast,
"Since Henry cull'd fair Virtue's precious flow'r,
"Far from Louisa's pillow downy rest
"Has flown, and languid moves the lonesome hour.

"Edward, when death has chill'd this woe-worn cheek!
"And sadly through the church-yard moves my bier!
"Henry, the false, yet much-lov'd Henry, seek,
"And beg, at least, the tribute of a tear.

"Oft let him silent ponder o'er my grave,
"Mourn the sad sacrifice himself hath made!
"Drop the full tear, the sigh convulsive heave,
"And breathe a requiem to my parted shade!"

She spoke, and sought again the desart wild,
Where now she pines alone, unknown to fame!
And brooding still, black Melancholy's child!
Full oft invokes her perjur'd Henry's name!

EDWARD.

On hearing a Number of Gentlemen abuse an Absent Acquaintance.

O SOCIAL beings! honor'd with a tongue,
Ne'er use a means so great to ends so wrong:
Wise to improve, as innocent to please,
With studious caution shun the dire disease;
So happiness shall flow from friend to friend,
And speech not deviate from its first great end,
Which Nature, for our gen'ral good, design'd,
Gave as a key t'unlock the generous mind.

SONNET,

FROM THE ITALIAN,

ON THE RUINS OF AN UNKNOWN EDIFICE.

I ASK'D of *Time*, to whom was rear'd the mass,
" Whose ruins now thou crumb'lest with the soil ?"
He answer'd not; but fiercer shook his glass,
And flew, with swifter wing, to wider spoil!

I ask'd of *Fame*, " O thou whose breath supplies
" Life to high works of wonder—What remains ?"
Abash'd, to Earth she bent her mournful eyes,
Like one who sighing, silently complains!

Lost in amaze, I turn'd my steps aside,
When o'er each step I saw *Oblivion* stride!
With haughty mien, and air of deep design;—
" Then thou (I cried) may'st know! Ah! deign declare!"
Stern, she replied!—hoarse thunder rent the air,
" Whose, once it was, seek not!—now 'tis mine!"

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Bride-groom.

CHARADE.

MY first is in writing a mark,
For the reader to pause and take breath;
My second is life's fading spark;
And my whole is the herald of Death!

Correspondence, &c.

Rawwar *confesses himself a new correspondent, otherwise he must have known we receive no communications but what are* post paid.

Exhibition at the Lyceum *was too late for insertion.*

Edwin's Essay on Happiness *has been mislaid.*

Mackenzie Sc.

Mrs. Siddons.

Pub. Oct. 1.1804. by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.